

Ogden Letter.

Ogden, August 1st.

Our random reference to the feeling agin "Third Termers" set all kinds of bees and birds buzzing among candidates, office-holders and sich. Dave Mattson has had himself measured (at the cobblers), and declares on oath that Charlie Hollingsworth's shoes are "just a perfect fit." Joe Bailey says that while the present Sheriff's overcoat is all too small for him, that he has consulted a tailor who tells him he can rip it up and let out the seams. There are no less than three (and more to follow), who look longingly at Assessor John Gibson's saddle-bags. While four legal lights have handed down opinions with the past twenty-four hours highly commendatory of Mr. George Halverson's legislative ability. And not a few "substantial citizens" have been overheard to remark upon the amount of time Billy Wilson and Lyman S. Keen are compelled to devote to private business.

It is amusing to hear the lamentation of the modern (Weber county court house) Jeremiahs. One would almost think to hear them that a life lease on an office these times is all too short. Charlie Hollingsworth is reported to have said that while Dave Mattson might get along well enough with the duties of Clerk and Auditor, yet it would be wellnigh impossible for him with his youth and inexperience to instruct the County Commissioners in all their duties, appoint all the road supervisors and registration agents, and do the thousand and one outside jobs that fall to him by virtue of his office. Well, it may be so, but it might not be impossible to nominate and elect Commissioners who have sense enough to perform the duties of their own office. Of course, it is a long chance, but it might be done.

The discovery, by himself, of David Mattson as a likely candidate for County Clerk was accompanied by considerable glee around the Standard office and in other remote corners where the pie-hunting Kearns men congregate. The announcement of this rival to Charlie Hollingsworth came as a surprise; it was first regarded as a josh; then the boys looked serious; and finally it reached the stage when the other fellow becomes apprehensive. Mattson is lumbering his way into the good graces of the people at a rapid rate, and if Hollingsworth is not up and hustling he may be applying to the big Swede for a deputyship about January 1, 1903.

Billy Wilson says: "Hoot, man, we two termers will rin agen or we'll all gwa down thegither, de ye min?"

Charlie Lane says if Jim Kimball is only in shape he is safe and on easy street.

And that is the game which the parvenue Kearns and the apostolic candidate are attempting to work upon a God-fearing people. They realize that the men of Utah are no longer asleep. The time for slipping into the Legislature in order to "get what there is in it" by juggling with the so-called will of God is over. The opportunity of the bribe-giver and bribe-taker has passed. The chance for buying a Senatorship for an immoral, ignorant, silver-lined upstart is gone forever. And so also is gone the time and chance when one political demagogue can deal and bargain in Senatorships for the political benefit of another. Whether the attempt is made in the name of the Almighty or the church, there is that something in the heart of every honest man which cries out against a deal or job, and the result will be that the vulgar mine-owner and the pins fraud who buncoed the Lord's anointed two years ago will

be handed the warmest package that ever shaped from the wrath of an outraged people.

We come to bury Bill, not to praise him. We realize the uncertainty of life, the frailty of human nature, the impossibility of perfection here; but candor to the corpse and a rugged self-respect compels us to say that Bill's political demise was happy for the party—that ignominious as was his end, yet the treachery by which he was slain was commendable. Bill returned from the Legislature in high glee, the future was rosy, no cloud on his political horizon, a "tripartite agreement" had been formed. Kearns-Smoot-Glasman—these three—the two former in the Senate, the last in the House; Kearns was to furnish the money, Smoot the brains, and Glasman—(well, Bill privately confessed that he was to furnish the character for veracity).

If Bill had been stricken by the friends of Arthur Brown whom he so basely betrayed; if the "hot bunch" had been handed him by Heber Thomas, whose throat he so brutally cut, that he (Bill) might be Mayor; if the "gang" who do the party work had combined to wreak vengeance upon him for failure to keep faith, there would yet have been some honor in his death; some (little) hope of his resurrection. But to die like a dog by the knife thrust of his master (T. K.); to be stabbed in the back (by his friends); to be literally "hoisted by his own petard" is a fitting finale to a long career of duplicity, treachery, black-mailing, and mendacity. So fell Bill; so prone lies his corpse. So may he lie, as he lied in life. Let no ruthless (political) hand hereafter disturb his repose.

GOLF.

A medal score of eighty for eighteen holes was made by R. H. Channing over the Country club links Sunday morning, thirty-seven for the first round and forty-three for the second. This will probably stand as the record for some time. The medal score of thirty-seven, two strokes under Bogey, was equaled by Mr. McGurrian last fall, but if I remember rightly, it was followed by a disastrous round that ran the eighteen-hole medal score up several strokes above eighty.

Mr. Channing has been settling into his game very rapidly of late. His winning streaks have been aggravatingly frequent in the opinion of other aspirants for the top place in "A" class, and when he has them on he is unbeatable. His worst fault has been his habit of pressing.* This is being eliminated very rapidly, and those heart-breaking drives of his go up the center aisle with beautiful regularity. Channing's medal score was as follows:

Out 4 4 5 5 5 2 4 4 4—37
In 6 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 6—43—80

Sunday's windstorm almost tore the sage brush out by the roots. What it did to the sanded greens may be imagined. Yet there were sane, healthy men who went over the course in that whirlwind.

N. B.—But no medal scores were kept.

Mr. Holman won the men's prize in the putting contest Saturday.

"The beauty about reading a newspaper is that you can understand the plain English it uses," said the Wise Guy. And then the Simple Mug, turning to the sporting page, read aloud. "Travis was buncoled playing for the fifth hole after hooking his drive into the rough, and last, 5—4. The sixth also went against him, even though Bristol buncoled on his second, a long brassey, Travis approaching short and then overputting, Travis won the ninth, however, with a pretty four."—Philadelphia Record.

As a corn raiser, Millionaire Gates ought to be a joy to the chiropodists.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE THIRD Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.—Nettie Agnus Fine, plaintiff, vs. William O. Fine, defendant.—Summons.

The State of Utah, to the Said Defendant: You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county in which this action is brought; otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which within ten days after the service of this summons upon you will be filed with the Clerk of this court.

C. W. BURRIS, Plaintiff's Attorney.
P. O. address, 214 D. F. Walker block, Salt Lake City, Utah.



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